The Devil Within

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The Devil Within

by cloudsarefluffy

Summary

A few months ago, Hannibal was found to be the Chesapeake Ripper right after he bonded with Will. Of course, Will was destroyed, and it's taken him a bit to even partially bounce back. However, there's another serial killer trying to play a game Will is overtly done with, and Jack is insistent that Will talk to his incarcerated mate he's been writing to so they can learn more about their Tooth Fairy. Despite his avoidance and protest, Will is forced to see familiar demons for the greater good.

“You think I’m suffering physically without Hannibal. So what? Does it really make a difference at this point?”

“Will,” Alana scolds softly, her face set into a light scowl.

“I just so happened to unknowingly hitch my star to a man who kills and eats people. I don’t think anyone would necessarily judge me if I wanted to avoid visitations.”

Notes

Okay, so this is my first Hannibal/Hannigram fic, and it was for this fic exchange I signed up for months ago. Now, it was a little ignorant at the time, because I've only be able to watch Hannibal for a few days before I wrote this. Legit, this story was written in two days (Dec. 21-22) and I wasn't sure about any of it as I was going along. Still, I think I did pretty good... Right?

Whatever. :P

Anyways, this is what you need to know about the fic. I would've included it, but I couldn't find the perfect place to put it in:
1) Abigail is alive and Hannibal never murdered her. She left for college or something, but she's alive and Hannibal and Will miss her like she was their daughter.
2) Mischa is technically not Hannibal's sister in this (if you read, you'll probably know why), but rather a past child or human that he was fond of that died for reasons unknown.
3) Hannibal and Will's relationship grew and became something more throughout the timeline of season one, except there was never a stark realization about Hannibal being the Ripper from Will in this.
4) Betas in this are slightly outcasted, which is a first for me and probably unusual for most

ABO fics, but yeah. This is why William Blake had issues with his secondary gender, as does Francis Dolarhyde. That cements enough for the paintings of the Red Dragon to be an escape for them.
5) Some of these characters are freeform because I'm not sure about their exact characterizations in the show-- I'm still stuck in season one of Hannibal. Sorry?
6) Margot Verger doesn't have a brother. I'm familiar with the Harris version of her sibling and I'm happier to say that he never existed and she and Alana met through the ABO equivalent of eHarmony or good old fashioned serendipity.

Anyways. . . Links are at the bottom!

Thank you for being so lenient in your requests, oatrevolution! This was a joy to write for you. I hope you like it, and Merry Christmas from a wee baby Fannibal!

Enjoy!~

See the end of the work for more notes

“I wondered how long it would take before you came back to me.”

Will pulls up a chair in front of Hannibal’s cell, frowning as the alpha watches him closely with a prideful smile, “It wasn’t exactly on my terms.”

“Ah, still running around on Jack’s whim, are we?”

Will doesn’t answer to that bait, “There’s been a killer contacting you. Care to tell me about him?”

A few moments of silence pass, but as Will holds Hannibal’s gaze, he can see that there’s a lot of questions going unanswered right now. After all, it’s been a month or so since Hannibal was incarcerated on his murder charges alone, and despite all of his letters to Will, the omega showed no interest in showing up again nor responding. Of course it would be Jack’s errand running that would bring Will back, and only on terms of business.

“If I told you the truth, would you come see me afterwards?”

“More than likely, no.”

Hannibal purses his lips in a subtle frown, “Will, you know that I never would’ve—“

“Have you spoken to this killer or not?”

The alpha knows that Will isn’t going to play along, at least not anymore now that he knows what kind of games Hannibal likes, “We may have conversed a time or two through mail, nothing more. He’s merely obsessed with my ideology and execution of my victims.”

“So he is a fan,” Will murmurs, and Hannibal gets the gift of watching the amazing process of his mate psychoanalyzing a murderer, “How long have you two been corresponding?”

“A few weeks. He grew interested in me after he read Lounds’ articles about me, and in turn, you.”

Will growls lowly, and Hannibal has to fight back a smirk at the omega’s shared distaste for the reporter, “Of course…”

“Don’t fret, Will. He was merely interested in speaking about murder, not about how Lounds suspects you aiding me in my hunting.”

“*Enough about Freddie Lounds,*” Hannibal catches Will wincing as he sits up, as well as the sweat beginning to accumulate along his mate’s forehead.

“Are you sick, dear Will? Not going into heat, are you?”

Will has to close his eyes and take a deep breath before he answers, “I’ve been on suppressants again ever since you were caught, and the transition hasn’t been too easy.”

“It would be logical to avoid—“

“I have no interest in conjugal visits with a serial killer in a mental hospital. I’d rather deal with the complications of returning to suppressants than ever let you touch me like that again.”

Hannibal presses his lips together, allowing the outburst. If it were anyone other than Will, he would already be considering what dish would better suit the meat of the pig before him.

“Just— what did you and the Tooth Fairy talk about?”

Hannibal sighs, knowing a change in topic was coming along, “He prefers to be called ‘The Great Red Dragon’, but he talked about his becoming with me.”

“His becoming?”

Hannibal leaves his desk and begins to pace his cell slowly, “He’s transforming, Will, morphing into that of a killer. He’s spent entire life until now in what he feels is a chrysalis. He wanted my assistance to emerge into his ‘true self’, so to speak.”

Going by the nod Will gives, he was expecting this, “From the photos I gathered that this was his first kill.”

“How did you know?”

“He’s seemed unsure. Inexperienced,” the omega comments off to the side, now looking at the ceiling — the angle allows Hannibal a beautiful view of his mate’s throat, the flesh marred on one side by the very teeth his tongue runs over in appreciation, “I think this was the very first time he’s had blood on his hands that wasn’t his own.”

Hannibal hums somewhat hungrily, “Quite observant.”

“Well, thanks to you, I’ve seen what it’s like when I encounter an intelligent psychopath.”

The label makes the alpha’s lips twinge a little with irritation, but he doesn’t let himself slip up in his behavior, despite his guilty confines of a cell. There is always a certain amount of composure he must maintain, even now.

“Is there anything else you’re wishing to tell me, or do I have to come visit again like you’ve been intending this entire conversation?”

“More than likely the latter,” Hannibal lets some silence seep into the conversation, but when he speaks again, his voice is sincere, “I miss you, dear Will.”

The omega smiles bitterly, and a watery sheen makes his gaze pierce Hannibal like one of his own knives, “I don’t think I can say the same…”

“I never meant to hurt you. Never, not even if you found out before the FBI did. I care about you too much to ever bring harm to you.”

If anything, Will seems more wounded now, “Psychopaths and sociopaths are incapable of truly feeling love. They are, however, extremely capable of lying.”

“You said the same about Hobbs when it came to Abigail,” Hannibal protests, “And did I not love her like our daughter before she left? Did I not love you like you were her other father after—“

“*Stop it,*” Will hisses brokenly, and he has to quickly wipe at his eyes, stopping the collecting tears before they can even fall, “You don’t get to manipulate or make me feel guilty anymore.”

The alpha presses his lips into a fine line, wanting to say more to try and prove to Will that their bond was never a game like everything else — that all the promises he made were true and he wasn’t some pawn for Hannibal to make a better move across the board. There has to be some way to genuinely portray that despite Will’s beliefs, the end game never included Hannibal betraying him in such a personal way. However, the omega is having none of it, probably won’t for a while or from now own, and it hurts Hannibal to know he’s wronged his mate so badly.

That doesn’t, however, mean he necessarily *regrets* anything.

“I see your pain and I wish I could stop it,” Hannibal murmurs, his eyes softening on his mate as he tries to school himself together, “I don’t like to see you hurt, Will. Physically or emotionally.”

“Then maybe you should’ve skipped the murder and cannibalism,” Will grits out, his bloodshot eyes unfaltering on the alpha, “Now if you’d excuse me, I have *another* monster to catch.”

Hannibal watches Will go and frowns.

-xXx-

“Will?”

The scene in Will’s head ends abruptly, and he looks over to find Jack Crawford carefully eying him.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, just—“ Will tries to collect himself, “I’m a little off since I saw him today…”

The admission causes a scowl, “I told you that it wasn’t necessary if you didn’t want to go. We could’ve sent Alana—“

As he sighs, Will waves a dismissive hand, “Hannibal wouldn’t have talked. At least with me, I have some leverage.”

“But that leverage is costing you. I can already tell, Will,” the older beta quiets for a moment, “If it ever gets to be too much—“

“Jack, I don’t need your coddling anymore. It might’ve been different when I was losing my mind at the beginning, but it’s not the same anymore. I’m okay now. I don’t need pity to function properly.”

That apparently doesn’t satisfy him, “No, but you just lost your *mate.* Some omegas don’t come back from that easily. You know what risks there are with you going on like this.”

“Vomiting, headaches, seizures… I’m aware of the entire list since it’s been drilled into me as a freshly presented teen,” the omega’s words are sour, “Jack, Hannibal isn’t going to best me… Not again…”

“You know that you don’t have to prove anything to anyone here, right?”

Will shakes his head, picking up a photo of the Tooth Fairy’s first kill, “Maybe this is to prove something to *myself.*”

Jack sighs, but doesn’t push it as he leaves. Despite him being quiet now, Will knows that he’ll be having a conversation with Alana and more than likely Margot soon. They’re probably worried about he’s been holding up — how he’s dealing with the fact the alpha he’s mated to for life is in prison for multiple murders and cannibalism. He wishes that they’d leave him alone, because if he had some space, maybe coping wouldn’t be so hard.

The most beautiful omega. A masterpiece of flesh, bone, and blood. Will Graham, you are certainly something of godly perfection.

Will closes his eyes as Hannibal’s warm words ring in his head, only faint echoes from a time long since passed and love grown cold.

He sets the photo down and takes a small bottle of aspirin out of his pocket, popping two dry like he had when Jack first started consulting him what feels like lifetimes ago. The only difference now is that the infection isn’t encephalitis, it’s Hannibal Lecter, and Will can’t rid himself of him.

-xXx-

Hannibal sets the table, smirking as Will sips his wine flirtatiously while the alpha sets dish after dish before the omega.

"What's the occasion?"

"There is no occasion that I know of. Am I not allowed to indulge you without reason every once and a while?"

At that, Will laughs — a rich sound that makes Hannibal smirk with pride, "I suppose so… It's just, the last time you gave me a dinner like this, that's when you asked if you could court me."

The alpha tilts his head in a noncommittal gesture, "I am merely a man of extravagance and tradition."

The profiler smiles widely, sipping more of his wine while he looks up at Hannibal through his lashes before he sets his drink aside, "So, going by that, is this dinner for you to ask me to be your mate?"

"Quite observant."

"Well, thanks to you, I've seen what it's like when I encounter a gentleman."

Hannibal sets the last dish down before the omega and sits at the other end of the dining table, grinning as Will gleefully lifts his glass.

"A toast to us?"

The alpha brings his wine glass up, smiling as his words come out in a heated grovel, "To us, dear William. Bon appetite."

Will eyes Hannibal fondly, and begins to dig into what he thinks is lamb.

-xXx-

Will stands outside of the new Tooth Fairy crime scene, feeling unsteady on his feet. Beverly and Price are already there, looking at the poor family that he killed while they were trying to sleep. Will can almost sense their fear — as if there is a sillage of their terror after the first

shot rang off. He can imagine them running, screaming through the hallways as the Tooth Fairy put them down one by one, their blood looking black in the moonlight.

“Will?”

“He’s escalated early,” Wil murmurs as Jack comes up beside him, his stomach roiling at the heady smell of rust and salt, “There’s— Hannibal spoke about this happening.”

“Spoke about what happening?”

“His— his *becoming,*” Will shakes out, “Hannibal said that this is the Tooth Fairy coming out of a chrysalis— that this is the start of the final stages of his transformation.”

Jack curses, his breath coming out in smoky puffs illuminated red and blue by the police lights behind them, “So he’s transforming, but into what exactly?”

“He refers to himself as ‘The Great Red Dragon’.”

“Like the works by William Blake.”

Will nods, his eyes locked on the set of body bags being wheeled out of the house, “It’s a siren call to him, one filled with power and promise. He’s more than likely consumed with the ideology of being something he never was— respected, in control. He’s been neglected, more than likely abused throughout his life by others. This is him taking a stand, to let the world he’s not going to let the hits keep coming anymore, but that he’s going to be the one delivering them.”

“Great. He was bullied and now decides to return the favor in a form of slugs in skulls. Care to elaborate on that?”

“He’s never had a solid family structure. He’s jealous of those that do. It’s— it’s something that he wants desperately, but is unsure of. He’s more than likely conflicted about it, and he’s taking it out like this for now until he makes up his mind.”

The beta beside Will sighs, “So there’s going to be another escalation?”

“Yes.”

Jack curses again and walks off, leaving Will to stare at the scene set before him. There’s so many words, so much to *read* from what the Tooth Fairy has left him. It makes Will’s temples pound and his teeth ache in his gums, forcing the profiler to head towards his car before his legs give out from underneath him.

He manages to get there, only to grip the steering wheel tightly as he shudders. Sweat pools at the base of his neck, and his stomach feels as though someone has it in a physical vice. The cool of the leather brings some comfort as Will leans his head against it, trying to gather himself before someone notices his absence or condition. If he manages the feat, then everyone won’t know just how physically broken Hannibal Lecter has left him.

Before leaving his Volvo, Will makes sure to pop two more Aspirin.

-xXx-

“Jack believes you’re suffering from mate separation.”

Will doesn’t turn, knowing that Alana has been waiting till he was alone in the break room to say something. For a moment, Will considers sending her away, but throughout all the time he’s known her, Alana has never been a problem for him, even after Hannibal got caught. She and her mate didn’t judge Will afterwards — didn’t have their own suspicions. It’s only because of that does Will allow the conversation.

“Despite what you may think, I’m not.”

“Will, you look drained. You smell sick. Jack and everyone else in the bureau knows you’ve been having trouble for a while now. If you need help, you know that we’re all here for you.”

Will shakes his head, angrily pouring his coffee into a cheap styrofoam cup, “I told Jack that I don’t need anyone’s pity to function properly.”

“But you need your mate to.”

The omega sighs and sits himself down in one of the chairs at the table Alana is standing by, all the while mixing sugar into his coffee, “You think I’m suffering physically without Hannibal. So what? Does it really make a difference at this point?”

“Will,” Alana scolds softly, her face set into a light scowl.

“I just so happened to unknowingly hitch my star to a man who kills and eats people. I don’t think anyone would necessarily judge me if I wanted to avoid visitations.”

The psychiatrist exhales and settles herself in a seat opposite of Will, “We understand why you wouldn’t want to see Hannibal, but you’re putting your health— both physical and mental— on the line. You think no one has noticed that you’re taking suppressants or Aspirin again? You think that even if we didn’t, we wouldn’t notice that you’re beginning to decline like you were before you and Han—“

“*No,*” the profiler growls, “Hannibal didn’t save me from myself or anything else. He didn’t do me any favors. All he did was trick and use me, like all I am was some little piece on his chessboard to tinker with till he could make his final move. Don’t you dare say that he *fixed* me.”

“I wasn’t.”

“You were implying it,” Will hisses, taking a sip of his coffee and uncaring for the way it scalds his tongue, “Look, I have major cases I have to work on, and there’s a serial killer on the loose. Unlike last time, I’m not going to let him be right under my nose during the entire investigation.”

With that Will gets up, preparing to leave.

He only stops at the doorway when Alana speaks.

“You feel betrayed.”

Will’s tense shoulders fall a little, “I thought that would’ve been obvious.”

Alana’s heels click against the floor, but Will doesn’t stop her from turning him around with a gentle hand.

“You understand that feeling betrayed means that you care. Despite the darkness in Hannibal, you love him.”

“*Loved* him. Emphasis on the past tense,” Will murmurs with hurt, “I was foolish for it...”

“Some would argue that, but I wouldn’t. Will, there was no way you could’ve known. You need to stop beating yourself up and taking this out on yourself when you never were the one at fault here. We’re all worried about you and we want the best for you, especially after Hannibal’s demons were brought out to see… You know that you can be honest with me. Please tell me what’s wrong.”

Like having a fatigued support beam giving way, Will completely breaks in — his voice is spotty as his vision blurs, and tears begin to pool together along his eyelids, “I’m scared. I’m scared because I still care. Partly now, but... I— I know I shouldn’t, that it’s irrational for me to be in love with him now. But— but there’s something drawing me back… Something keeping me tethered to him even though I know he’s not the alpha I thought I mated some months ago… Alana, am I fucked up for feeling that way? Am I just as screwed up as he is?”

“No,” she whispers, her words sincere, “He’s your mate, Will.”

“Yes, but he’s also a monster— one I unknowingly fell for. Sometimes I wonder what it would be like if I could break my bond with him, but it’s impossible… I’m *stuck* with him.”

That makes Alana purse her lips, “I wish there was more I could do, Will, but there’s not. What’s done is done, and we all have to live with it.”

“Me more so than anyone,” Will breathes out, blinking the tears away, “I have to go, Alana.”

“Take care of yourself, Will. Please…”

As he leaves, the omega waves a hand her way and tosses the majority of his shitty coffee into the bin as he passes by.

After all, he naturally craves things that are bad for him.

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Will chuckles as Hannibal lays him out on the bed, pulling off his unbuttoned dress shirt as he goes.

"The most beautiful omega. A masterpiece of flesh, bone, and blood. Will Graham, you are certainly something of godly perfection."

Will wiggles enticingly, wiggling against the mattress, "Enough flattery, Hannibal. You know what I want."

Hannibal hums, coming down to scent Will at his collar, "Maybe I'd like to take my time to savor you."

Will gasps quietly, feeling Hannibal's tongue tasting the fine sheen of sweat that's coating him as his detox heat sets in. It's like sweet caramel zested with the perfect amount of sea salt, leaving Hannibal with something wholly ***Will*** *to sense with his taste buds.*

"I must say," Hannibal purrs between licks, "I don't think I could ever create a dish that could compare to how you please my pallet."

Will groans below, his head tilted to the side enough to where he can look at Hannibal heatedly, his white teeth pulling on his chapping bottom lip hungrily before he lets it go. His breathing is marvelous, heavy and intimate within the minute space between himself and his to-be-mate. Like snakes, his fingers slither over Hannibal's back, gripping onto the suit the alpha is still unfortunately wearing.

*"Hannibal," he says softly, like an oath — a prayer — to the man above him, "****Please…****"*

"In good time, Will," Hannibal brushes the dampened curls back away from Will's angular face, tucking the loose strands gently behind his ear, "But for now, I want to worship you. I've spent much time in your company marveling at you, wondering what makes that beautiful mind of yours tick the way it does," the alpha brings his fingers over to Will's lips, tracing the delicate curves in the warm flesh kept alive and pink by the flowing crimson underneath, "I've wanted you to be my mate for as long as I can remember, and now, you're giving me the most wonderful gift of all— yourself. I cannot take that lightly, nor will I dishonor you by not appreciating that devotion. So please, Will, let me have at least this moment to myself."

Eton blue is lost to black as Will's eyes dilate, and he maneuvers himself to show his submission. The pale of his wrists — the fleeting twitch of his heartbeat as evident as the

navy veins weaved together like stained glass below his skin — is enough to make Hannibal interested, but it's the way that Will looks Hannibal in the eye as he bows his head back.

Hannibal remembers Will speaking about getting mated before — about how he'd never submit to an alpha and allow them to call him his. He's fought tooth and nail his whole life, telling each alpha that tried to mate him that he could bite back just as easily. There's been moments were even Hannibal had his doubts that Will would ever reciprocate his advances, but much to his surprise, the omega did.

That's why this moment is so special. That's why Hannibal can't believe Will is allowing him this — the sight of his exposed throat, shadowed and contoured by the low moonlight filtering through the window, just for ***him*** *to see.*

"Will…"

"I've known too... Maybe not as quickly as you have, or maybe it took me a bit to come to terms with it in general, but you understand. You're the first alpha that's seen me as more than just an omega— a means to an end and a reputation boost. You've helped me better myself. You nurtured me when I was sick and starting to lose my mind. You pulled me back, and I have to thank you for that."

Hannibal frowns softly, "If your thanks comes in the form of a mating, I cannot go through with it."

"Hannibal, I'm not— ***listen to me,*** *" Will sits up then, and he cups Hannibal's face as if the alpha were going to look away or somehow pay attention to anything else, "I'm not doing any of this because I feel obligated to you. This isn't some sort of payback or allowance of sorts. I'm doing this because I* ***want*** *to."*

"I wouldn't mate you if it were otherwise," Hannibal murmurs.

"I know," Will smiles softly, and he runs a finger over the jut of Hannibal's cheekbone affectionately, "and that's one reason I'm choosing you to be my mate."

The alpha grins and comes forward to gently kiss Will. The omega's lips part gently, allowing Hannibal's tongue to slip past. He runs it along Will's teeth, the inside of his cheeks, trying to take in as much of his mate-to-be as he can while the moment is still fresh and sweet. He feels Will snake his hands loosely around his waist, pulling Hannibal down with him as his detox heat begins to crescendo with their intimacy.

*"****Do it****," Will whispers heatedly once they break to breathe, tilting his head back slightly, "I want you to bond with me."*

Hannibal smirks, "As you wish, dear William."

And he sinks his teeth into the fragile flesh of Will's neck.

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Three in the morning finds Will vomiting over the toilet, his abdomen heaving heavily as he spits up what is now bile. He doesn't know what to do, and he can't leave the bathroom without getting sick again. It's been this way for several hours, and it hasn't let up, leaving Will feeling like an animated corpse once he falls back against the wall to try and gain his breath back.

He can feel Winston sniffing his face, whining and gently licking him as Buster curls up on his lap.

"I'm fine," Will exhales, allowing his fingers to slink through Buster's short fur, "Just suffering mate separation, is all… Nothing any of us can do about that."

He looks through the doorway to the bathroom to see his phone on the kitchen counter, and he considers dialing up Alana or her mate, Margot. Odds are they're asleep, but they're the only two Will trusts right now, because Jack would interrogate Will about his wellbeing while the others would tattle to beta despite anything Will said in objection. The couple is all he's got, and with how he's feeling— . . . *What is he thinking?* They would both tell him the same thing, in this case.

With a small amount of defeat, Will decides that it's sadly time to pay Hannibal Lecter a visit.

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"You look worse than when I saw you last."

"I'd rather not begin or have this conversation about me," Will grits out, pulling up the chair and settling himself down in it before the vertigo he's experiencing makes him throw up again, "In fact, it's not about *us* either. This is about the Tooth Fairy and nothing more."

Hannibal tilts his head, surveying the omega, "Are you sure it should be just about that?"

"Positive."

The alpha stands from his cot, walking over towards his desk, "Can I ask one question then, before this conversation begins?"

“Technically you just did, but sure, I guess…”

Hannibal is smiling at Will’s bite, “Are you doing okay?”

The profiler blinks, his eyes narrowing.

“Will?”

“I’m doing fine,” Will answers softly, not wanting to meet Hannibal’s eyes in fear of what the other might see — what *he* might see, “Now, can we get back on topic?”

As silence lapses in their conversation, Will ends up glancing at Hannibal. He looks as though there’s more he wants to ask — that there’s more he wants to know — but he thankfully still respects Will enough to let it drop. Small miracles, maybe…

“What is it that you want to know, Will?”

The omega sighs quietly, silently thankful that Hannibal can at least give him this, “The Tooth Fairy, he’s apprehensive about having a family. He’s— he’s obsessed with the idea, but there’s something holding him back, something I can’t quite place.”

“Do you suspect it to be the anger he harbors towards his own parents or caregiver?”

“No, that was merely a condition that aided in transforming him,” Will waves a hand dismissively at that, only for it to stop midway through the air as a revelation strikes him, “It’s not the he’s apprehensive… It’s— . . . He’s incapable of having his own family.”

Hannibal purses his lips in thought, “So your Tooth Fairy’s field is barren?”

“More so of sterile,” Will’s eyes widen slightly, “He’s an infertile beta.”

The alpha across from Will smiles, “I really do miss getting to see you work through killers’ minds like this.”

With a pointed look from the profiler, Hannibal holds his hands up in apology.

“Anyways… It makes sense, though. It would explain why he’s escalating the way he is…”

“He is maturing quickly as his values and motives are settling in place. The trick is being a step ahead of him during this transgression,” Hannibal takes a step towards the omega, “Tell me, Will, where do you think he might strike next?”

Will shakes his head, beginning to get lost in a picture that hasn’t been painted yet, “I’m not sure. He— he hasn’t developed a clear pattern, especially with him maturing as fast as you say he is…”

“Think, Will. I’m sure you can imagine that there’s a few possibilities.”

“I’m pulling at air here,” Will growls as he frowns, his head beginning to pound, forcing him to rub at his temples.

“Surrogates, foster families, fertility and obstetric clinics. I suspect he’ll be targeting those who managed to have families despite the negative odds stacked against them,” Hannibal pauses as he hears Will groan, “Will, are you sure you’re alright?”

“I’m f-fine,” Will tries to stand but nearly trips on his own feet as the vertigo worsens even further, forcing him to stagger over to the bin he saw on his way in.

Throwing up in front of Hannibal was never part of the plan, and despite feeling some relief in letting whatever the hell it is making him sick go, showing this sort of vulnerability to Hannibal will definitely cause some issues.

“Will,” the alpha says after Will is spitting distastefully into the bin below, “what symptoms have you been experiencing since you’ve been back on suppressants?”

“It’s none of your—“ he’s cut off by more hacking.

“It *is* my business, because you are still my mate,” Hannibal comes over to the corner of his cell, the closest he can be to Will now, “Besides, I can smell the sickness on you.”

“Yeah, and *damn you* and your fucking sense of smell, alright?” Will wipes at his mouth with his jacket sleeve, making Hannibal scowl minutely with some amount of disgust, “Despite what your nose may tell you, I’m fine.”

The former psychiatrist frowns, “Despite your repetitive assurances, I don’t think throwing up like this constitutes for being fine, Will.”

Will huffs, standing up and holding himself up better now that he’s puked, “You don’t get to tell me what I am anymore.”

“Is that because you’re afraid this might be more than just mate separation?”

Will nearly gives himself whiplash with how fast he turns his head towards the alpha, “What?”

“I can understand that you’ve been fearful of me since I was convicted,” Hannibal admits, and he has the audacity to look slightly apologetic and regretful, “but more so, you’ve been afraid of what’s been caused by our relationship.”

Will is confused, that is, until he notices how Hannibal’s eyes are training on his abdomen.

“*No,*” Will growls, “No, there isn’t— I can’t be—“

“I suggest a trip to the drug store.”

Will makes sure the door slams as he exits.

-xXx-

The tires on the Volvo screech as Will breaks hard, nearly leaving the car in drive with the keys still in the ignition in his haste. People eye him weirdly as he walks in, obviously recognizing him from the very tabloids from TattleCrime he passes on his way inside. He doesn't care for them, though— not now.

All Will can hear is his heartbeat in his ears, the thudding loud and overbearing as he rushes over, grabbing a few items and turning towards the checkout promptly.

There's no possible way for it to happen. He was only off his suppressants for a month when he mated with Hannibal. It was merely a detox heat when he and Hannibal bonded. His body shouldn't have been ready to— to—

The cashier doesn't give Will a second glance as he accepts the cash and bags the items, and Will is thankful for one less pair of curious eyes as he begins to rush out of the door, his bag of precious cargo held in a vice as he leaves.

-xXx-

"Will?"

Alana steps through the threshold with Margot in tow, her hands working her key to Will's cabin out of the lock.

"Will, are you here?"

Soft sobbing can be heard from the bathroom, and with a worried glance to her mate, Alana runs over to find Will hunched over in his bathroom, his hands covering his eyes as he cries.

"Will?"

Margot comes from behind Alana, crouching beside her to put her hand on Will's knee supportively, "Hey, Will. We got your call... What's wrong?"

"*Everything.*"

"Now surely it can't be everything," Margot smiles softly.

“I— It’s *bad*.”

Alana stares as Margot pets Will, her pheromones soothing him while her voice is steady, “Whatever it is, we’re here to help you, Will.”

“I’m— I’m pregnant.”

Alana’s jaw drops.

“It’s Hannibal’s obviously,” Will goes on, sniffling now and rubbing at his irritated eyes, “I— I didn’t think that it was possible, since I had just come off my suppressants when we bonded.”

Margot hums, “It’s unusual, but not exactly unheard of…”

Will shakes his head, “I’d been on suppressants for nearly two decades. My doctor told me that it was o-okay…”

“What are you going to do?”

“I want to avoid telling Hannibal, at least until it *can’t* be avoided,” Will swallows, his breathing rough, “I’m not sure about termination, either.”

“Don’t worry about that for right now,” Alana soothes, “Right now, you need to figure out what you need to do first—“

The trio is cut off then by a unison of phones, making them look at each other in pure confusion. Alana is first to remove hers from her pocket, and she frowns at what she sees. It’s a message from Jack with a screenshot and link.

“Shit.”

Will makes a noise of defeat, “Oh god…”

“How in the hell did she get this?” Margot growls mostly to herself, “Has she been following you, Will?”

“I don’t know,” Will hiccups, already looking at the newest article on TattleCrime featuring himself, “but either way it’s too late now…”

Alana wants to say something, but Will is obviously not in the mood. He stands and exits the bathroom, leaving Alana and Margot to frown at Freddie Lounds’ latest piece.

IS THE RIPPER’S MATE EXPECTING?

Below the large title is two pictures of Will, the first of which showcases him leaving the drugstore in what looks like panic, and the second being him pulling a pregnancy test off of a shelf.

Margot curses, “God, I fucking hate her. She’s just so— so *intrusive*...”

“She’s been obsessed with following Will.”

“I remember the first article,” Margot snarks venomously, “’Help, I Mated a Murderer!’ How *tasteless*.”

Alana’s snort is bittersweet, “Will said the same thing when he saw it… Freddie loves to be dramatic.”

“But this is going too far. This is— this is stalking, right?” Margot thumbs angrily at her phone’s screen, “God, listen to this. *Omega and mate to the infamous Ripper, Will Graham, is seen here purchasing a pregnancy test from Marvin’s. Could his couplings with the Ripper have led to more than a bond? Does the Ripper even know that his mate might be expecting? If so, will Graham raise this spawn to be just like his father?* She’s fucking sick, Alana.”

“She’s a writer for a tabloid magazine that gossips about murders. There’s not much worse than that.”

As they exit the bathroom, the couple find Will scurrying around his cabin as he holds his phone to his ear.

“I don’t care, Jack, I’ve got to—“ Will pauses, grimacing as Jack yells over the line, “I didn’t know she or one of her leaks were there. I was rather preoccupied, as you would imagine.”

Margot comes up from behind Alana, and she leans against her mate as they wait for Will’s next move.

“It was positive,” Will murmurs, and he looks utterly defeated, “I— I don’t know what to do just yet, but… I guess we could, I don’t know. Yes, I’m aware that another visit is in order. Thanks.”

Will hangs up, looking irritated while somber.

“Well?”

“Jack says he’ll look into dispelling the rumors as well as some type of charge to indict Freddie on, but there’s probably not much he can do,” Will runs a hand through his hair, “As for me, I have to pay my mate a visit with some ‘good’ news…”

Margot takes a step forward, “You don’t have to go alone—“

“No, I do,” Will gathers his coat and his car keys, “This is something that should’ve remained between us.”

“Are you sure?” Alana asks, “We can wait outside for you, if you want.”

“I’m positive,” Will says, and then smiles bitterly, “I guess that’s ironic now… Just— he more than likely knows already, but— . . .”

“You want to tell him yourself.”

“That’s how it should’ve been. An admission from me on my own time and choice. But it’s too late for that now,” Will pets Winston and Buster before he readies himself, “Could you do me one last favor and watch my boys for me while I’m gone, please? I’m afraid I haven’t been able to spend time with them as of late… They’d appreciate the company.”

Margot nods, kneeling down to let Winston and Buster swarm her, “Of course! How could I deny these adorable faces?”

“Thank you,” Will grins lightly, and he nods to Alana before he leaves.

After the sound of the Volvo’s engine has disappeared from the driveway, Alana turns towards her mate.

“I want to lie for Will.”

That apparently catches Margot off guard, and she stands with her brows furrowed, “What do you mean?”

“We can say he was buying the test for me. I wanted to surprise you but I needed to be able to sneak around you. It has to be believable.”

“I don’t think Freddie will want to write about the pregnancy allegations being wrong…”

Alana rolls her eyes lightly, “I don’t care what she wants to write about, as long as it isn’t Will. Please, Margot… Will needs this.”

“Alright,” Margot murmurs, “Get Jack on the phone. We have till the tabloids are printed before the true damage is done.”

-xXx-

Will sits in his Volvo outside of the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, his fingers laced tightly around the wheel. He’s unsure if talking to Hannibal is the best idea right now, or that coming here at all is right. After all, he wanted to come to the alpha on his own time to inform him, but Freddie Lounds unfortunately took that decision away from him. In a way, seeing Hannibal in person is all he has left.

After gathering enough sense and courage, he turns the Volvo off and exits, only to be halted as a man smiles at him from the sidewalk.

“Mr. Lecter-Graham,” he says, making Will want to throttle him, “I’m Dr. Chilton. I’m in charge of this facility.”

“Pleasure to meet you, now if I may, I’d like—“

“— to visit your mate?” Chilton finishes, only irking Will further, “Of course. However, in light of recent events, I’d like to take a different approach to your visits with your mate.”

Will grimaces, “You’ve read the Lounds article…”

“Indeed I have. Now, I’ve been monitoring your conversations with your alpha for some time, for safety purposes of course, and I’d like to experiment with a more— . . . *direct,* visitation.”

“What are you getting at?”

Chilton’s smile grows, “I’d like to allow physical contact between you and your mate for this session.”

Instantly, Will pales, “You— that’s—“

“I can assure you, if conjugal visits are legal, so is this. It’s well known that an alpha can never hurt their mate, especially if they’re— . . .” Chilton’s gaze goes to Will’s middle, only to meet the omega’s eyes once again with a larger smirk, “expecting.”

“You want to know if it’s true or not,” Will murmurs, “This is an experiment to confirm or deny it.”

Chilton shrugs, “It may or may not be. Either way, Lecter has been very good since I spoke of the possibility. He deserves a reward, don’t you think?”

Fury burns through Will’s veins, and he closes his hands into fists at his sides, “I’m not some bone to tease him with.”

“Ah, yes. I do know how fond Lecter is with using his teeth, but you would know better than anyone, wouldn’t you?”

Will flexes his jaw, and he turns to go back to his car.

“All bark but no bite, unlike your alpha?” Chilton jests, “Oh well, you’ll have to come back sometime to see your mate. After all, you do have time sensitive news.”

The tires burn lines through the parking lot as Will drives away.

-xXx-

Water washes past Will's legs, the current pulling at him, begging to wash him away as he lets out his line. The lure sinks into the river, its red lost to the depths of the rapids as Will watches on. There's a sense of tranquility here — a calm that Will has missed for months now. He hopes that if he imagines hard enough, it'll become reality.

The fish don't bite.

Instead of recasting, Will sighs and reels his line back in, deciding to go up onto the bank to try a different tactic. His waders don't make any noise as he trudges up to the margin of land before him. Once he's settled on the somewhat stable mud, he throws his line back out, knowing that he's going to catch something else other than fish.

"I knew I'd find you here."

Will doesn't turn to the accented baritone behind him. He focuses on the river flowing in front of him instead, his line now cast out in it and lure lost among the whitecaps.

"It's been some time since I've seen you or your mind palace, Will."

"Hadn't had a reason to come here or think of you until now," Will comments simply, checking the tension of his line, "I was doing fine until recently."

Will's mental version of Hannibal laughs lightly, "I'm glad to see you're still using my advice nonetheless. Care to tell me what's bothering you enough to return, William?"

"You're technically in my head right now. You already know."

Hannibal chuckles again, and he comes to Will's side to watch the omega work the line, "That is true… Still, I'd like to know why it is now that you care to visit me, or at least, this version of me."

"Because I miss this version of you," Will's voice catches slightly, forcing him to take a moment to strengthen himself as he again reels in the line hopelessly, "I wish that this is the Hannibal I could be breaking the news to. Not the one in BSHCI. Not the one that is a notorious cannibalistic serial killer. This could've been completely different if you were always good or hadn't gotten caught."

"I apologize that my actions have caused you such grief, my dear Will," Hannibal then takes the rod from the omega's hands, forcing him to look at the alpha, "You must understand that I never intended for such a thing to happen. I wanted to live the rest of my days with you as my faithful mate by my side."

"Such a shame that didn't end up happening, then," Will's words waiver again, and his eyes grow watery, "I would've been okay with that too before it all fell through. Now everything's different…"

Hannibal's smile is somber, making Will's heart ache. He's happy that, despite the pain it brings him, this untainted piece of Hannibal is stored away in his mind palace. It's like a

shard of his broken paradise he managed to save after it was shattered, and he's been cherishing it like it was never ruined in the first place.

He leans into Hannibal's hand as it cups his cheek, a small whine growing in the back of his throat at the contact that nearly feels real.

"What are you going to do now that things are different?"

Will closes his eyes, savoring the feel of Hannibal's palm, "Don't know just yet… I— I'm not sure if I want to keep it or not. I'm getting so much shit for it right now… The tabloids, Jack, Chilton…"

"Chilton?"

"He's attempting to control me when I tried to visit after I found out, but I wasn't having it," Will sighs, pushing Hannibal's hand away now that he's had enough and is sated, "He thinks that he can use me, to see if the rumor Lounds published was true. Right now, the pregnancy is up in the air to the public, but he knows he's got a surefire way of knowing the answer. I— I don't want to be manipulated by anyone again…"

Hannibal's face is stern, "I'm sorry he treated you this way, dear Will."

"There's nothing you can do about it— about anything, actually. You're just in my head. There's no need to apologize to me when you're merely a fragment of my frayed imagination here."

"I still feel like I have to, even if it's not for manner's sake," Hannibal pulls Will closer, and he scents Will along his throat, "I care about you too much not to."

Will smiles, but it's a sad gesture. If anything, this only makes him want his old Hannibal back even more, pregnancy or not.

"I wish you still did."

Hannibal stiffens, but Will wakes up back to his nightmare before he can do anything else.

-xXx-

"You all know what I've gathered you here for," Jack paces the space of Will's lecture room, the doors having been shut and monitored by Jack's most trusted agents, "The truth about Will's pregnancy can't be let out to the public, at least not right now while it can still be

covered up. Currently, Hannibal is still awaiting trial for several of his other murders, and we can't afford a baby scandal happening on the side that may earn him sympathy votes."

Will isn't looking at anyone. Despite Margot, Alana, and Beverly's presence, there's too many other judgmental gazes that Will doesn't want to meet. Instead, he's the only one sitting down at the moment at his desk, and he feels like the black sheep that the herd is having to work around after gaining interest from the big bad wolf.

"Even then, the Tooth Fairy has already expressed interest in Lecter, and tying that with his history and escalations against familial units, this isn't looking good. Odds are he's already heard and knows about the possible pregnancy, and he's more than likely targeting Will based on the fact that he and his mate should be unable to have children due to Lecter's incarceration. Because of this, I want Will placed in protective custody until he makes a firm decision on if he wants to proceed with the pregnancy or not. After that, more will be planned out. Now, Will, have you spoken to Hannibal about the results of your test or of the baby in genenral?"

"The entire reason I got the test is because he had the suspicions," Will says with some irritation, only meeting the beta's eyes, "I wasn't able to tell him the results of it because Dr. Chilton was trying to switch up visitation tactics on me."

The older man curses, "I'm sure he wants to use your bond as leeway, either against you or mostly Lecter. I've known that since Lecter was placed under his care that he's been trying to dissect his brain. If he knew that you were expecting his child, Chilton would have Lecter right under his thumb."

"Which is why I didn't get to see him," he mutters, "but I'm sure he's either heard about it or he's figured it out. I'm positive seeing him will only make things worse."

"It would. A visitation to Hannibal so early after you got a pregnancy test?" Zeller scoffs lightly, "That's like gift wrapping another article for Freddie to publish."

Will worries at his bottom lip, "I know, but— I have this feeling that I *need* to tell him myself. Not now, of course, but— . . . maybe eventually. Even if he's a monster, he has the right to know."

"Yes, because knowing he's got a little murderer-to-be on the way will—"

Margot snarls at Zeller and gets in his face, causing Jack separate the two.

"Hey! None of that!" Jack huffs, straightening his suit jacket out as Will puts his face in his hands, "Margot, while expect better behavior out of you, I myself won't tolerate those sort of comments either. If you say anything else like that Zeller, expect severe consequences."

The beta murmurs something under his breath, but doesn't do much else other than distance himself from the group.

An awkwardness is left in the air, Will is left staring at his stomach then. He wonders if what Zeller says is true — if the little forming bundle of fragile cells will morph into a monster

made of plasma and teeth, craving that of human flesh.

Like father like child, they say…

“Will.”

Will lifts his head, hoping the others can’t see or sense his hidden fear, “Yes? . . .”

“What I need you to do the most right now is relax. The last thing you need is stress.”

Before the omega can retort, the door to Will’s lecture room bursts open to reveal a frantic looking agent.

A growl escapes Jack, “Why are you in here!? I thought I made it clear that no one—“

“Sir, Dr. Chilton just called. BSHCI is on lockdown,” they take a deep gulp of air before they continue, “Hannibal Lecter escaped.”

Time seemingly freezes for Will, his heartbeat skyrocketing in what feels like tenfold as his blood turns to ice. It doesn’t need to be said. Hannibal Lecter is coming for him, one way or another.

“So much for no stress,” Price murmurs.

-xXx-

The linens below Will are clean and fresh when he wakes up, and he’s grateful that Hannibal somehow found the time to change and do laundry while he was in his detox heat.

The omega stretches, letting out the kinks in his muscles and yawning as he does so. The smell of cooking sausage from downstairs catches his attention, and he salivates at the wonderful scent Hannibal is making in the kitchen.

Quickly, Will dons on a robe and rushes down the stairs, eager to have his first breakfast with his mate. After all, he hadn’t let the man bond with him for nothing, and he’s excited to begin a new life with Hannibal at its center.

When he reaches the bottom of the stairs, Hannibal chuckles.

“I figured you’d be waking up by now,” Hannibal flips some sausage links in the pan at the stove, his back towards Will, “There’s already a fresh plate ready for you on the island. Bon appetite.”

Will smiles and goes over, sliding onto a stool as he grabs the fork set aside for him, "I'm pretty hungry, actually, so this is perfect... When did you find the time to go grocery shopping?"

"Managed to slip it in when you fell asleep. I can assure you, it was as large of a grievance as cooking your breakfast this morning was."

Will fondly rolls his eyes, and he eats a forkful of the familiar protein scramble Hannibal made for him the first time he fed Will during the Shrike case. It's about the same or even better than when he ate it last, having Hannibal's maple-esque scent embedded in the taste.

"It's delicious, thank you."

"It is my joy to serve you, my dear Will," Hannibal smiles, glancing over his shoulder to see Will gather another forkful of his meal.

Except, Will doesn't get to eat it.

The front door gets kicked in, and suddenly, their foyer is full of FBI agents — more specifically Jack Crawford and the entire BHU team accompanied by others. Their unnecessary presence makes Will glare at them, his mind trying to figure out what sort of fucked up joke they're trying to play. Meanwhile, Hannibal is still and impassive, his spatula at ease in his hand as he looks Jack in the eye.

"Dr. Lecter."

"Crawford."

Will glances between the two, only to growl angrily towards his colleagues, "Okay, nice for the coat check, but care to tell my why in the hell you broke down our door at eight in the morning? You could've called—"

"Will, come over here please."

"Jack, there's no need—" he partially grits out, only to feel Hannibal's hand on his shoulder, "H-Hannibal?"

"Go with them, Will. I know what this is about."

The omega's eyes widen, and instantly, the entirety of his fire is gone. All that left for him to feel now is icy fear, especially with the long-suffered look in Hannibal's eyes.

Resignation.

"W-What? . . ." Will whispers in confusion, feeling Beverly grab onto him lightly to try and guide him away from his mate, "Hannibal, what's— what's going on?"

Zeller comes up behind Hannibal, his hands working the cuff around the alpha's that had been placed behind his back beforehand. Hannibal is watching Will the entire time, even as Zeller's movements jerk him around roughly — his maroon irises looking somewhat guilty

while Will stares back. Despite his tugging, Beverly manages to pull him off to the side, resigning the omega to being a witness to the events unfolding before him.

"Bev, why are they—"

Beverly shakes her head, her silence offering Will nothing as Price begins to pat his alpha down for weapons.

Off to the side, the sausage starts to burn.

"Jack, what in the hell is—"

"He's been playing us all along, staying right under our noses this entire time," Jack's words are as stern and bitter as his scowl, his eyes ever once leaving Hannibal as Price carefully pats up his legs, "I'm sorry to tell you this, Will, but our dear psychiatrist here is the Chesapeake Ripper."

For a second, Will wants to laugh. He has to. The accusation is so ridiculous. Hannibal? The Ripper? Yeah, and on the side he's the tooth fairy.

"You know, this isn't funny—"

"No, it isn't," Jack's gaze is venomous while Hannibal's seems almost gleeful now that Will isn't the focus of his attention, "Will, while you were indisposed these past few days, the Ripper struck again. What we found unusual with this victim was how rushed it seemed, like he had something else to take care of that made him pressed for time. For a moment, it seemed to coincide with Lecter's profile for an omega— one that might be going into a heat— but we realized that the pheromones at the crime scene were rather of an alpha… That was strike one."

"And? That's not enough to charge—"

"The straw that broke this camel's back was a singularnhair Beverly found on the victim. The Ripper must not have realized he left it he was in such a hurry, and we were all ecstatic till the results came back, and a familiar face was looking right at us after the match in the alpha DNA database was made."

Blinking, Will looks at his mate then, "Hannibal, what is he talking about? . . ."

The alpha says nothing in defense or to contradict, but rather silently allows Zeller to begin leading him outside of the kitchen, guns constantly at the ready around them.

"Jack, this— this better not be a mistak—"

"It isn't," Jack murmurs, noticing how Will is beginning to shake in shock, "The hair matched the samples Lecter had given us for whenever we submitted his DNA for the Hobbs' house crime scene. To think, we were trying to keep him from getting wrongfully charged, then…"

Will's feet move on their own violation, leaving him standing in front of Hannibal in the foyer while the others watch on.

"Is it true?"

At that, Hannibal finally decides to speak, "Is what true, dear Will—"

"No, don't pull that cryptic crap on me," Will hisses angrily, his words full of hurt, "Not now, not when—"

"When I could be a monster?"

Will exhales roughly, his perfect world seemingly falling apart around him, "Answer the damn question…"

For that moment, everything stops. Will's eyes try to search Hannibal's — to try and find the missing link where he might've read the alpha wrong — where the hands didn't match up and the numbers dripped away. Before Will can say anything else — before he can demand that the alpha respond — Hannibal tilts his head, his expression solemn, as if this were like telling a child the harsh truths about life.

"It's true."

"You mean you've— you've— fed me—" Will's stomach convulses knowing now that he's eaten — has even just ***ate****—*

Will barely manages to make it to a trash can in the foyer before he's throwing up, the protein scramble having lost its palatability and sentiment completely. The house is now utterly silent other than Will's strained gagging.

Once Will lifts himself up from the bin, he doesn't even bother looking at Hannibal, even as Zeller leads him away. Everything passes in blurs then — messes of clashing colors and obscured shapes while the omega trembles in the wake of the truth. Beverly shoots him a sad glance, and Jack nearly comes forward to say something before he thinks better of it. In the end, once the cop cars and SWAT vans have drove away, Will is left alone in a stranger's house that now feels all too foreign and large for him.

The sausage burned, and Will threw the pan out into the yard.

-xXx-

The steam from the warm bath Will has drawn for the night condenses on his bare skin as he steps into it, and he settles himself down into the water as the news broadcast plays in his bedroom.

— authorities suggest that the public be on high alert. Check your backseats, sheds, garages, and other accessible areas to be sure that they are clear as often as you can. The Ripper is known to have picked out his victims by their access—

Will changes the channel.

— say that the Ripper escaped by downing several armed guards on duty and stealing their keys before making his way—

He presses the button again, his face stony.

I believe he's trying to reunite himself with his mate, Will Graham.

Will sits up slightly, leaning to the side of the tub to partially see Freddie Lounds on screen, her curls pulled back as the reporter holds out their microphone to her. Will can't tell if it's the pregnancy or the woman on the TV that's making him sick, but his stomach protests vehemently at that moment. Too bad he's already thrown up everything, including bile.

Do you think this has anything to do with your article on Will Graham's purchase of a pregnancy test a few days prior to the Ripper's escape?

Freddie smiles, obviously proud of being credited for invoking action out of Hannibal: *I believe so, yes. Despite what the FBI claimed, I don't believe that Will was buying the test for his close friend, but rather for himself. I'm guessing that the Ripper was tired of waiting and wanted to find out the results since Graham never paid BSHCI a visit—*

Will tsks before she can finish her public display of idiocy, and he shuts the TV off altogether. Besides, he's supposed to be bathing right now, not dirtying himself with the likes of Freddie Lounds.

Soap runs coolly through Will's fingers as he begins to lather himself leisurely. Soon enough after rinsing, the water is sudsy and murky, leaving Will to enjoy the warmth left in the water before he has to retire for the night. He settles down in the bath, shutting his eyes now that the cabin is quiet. He can feel the heat of the bathwater rise against his face, easing the tension he's carried in his muscles for weeks now that he feels seemingly at peace.

He doesn't even jolt at the gentle sound of his window sliding open.

Footsteps get closer and closer to the bathroom, but Will makes no move to close the door. There's no point to now.

His eyes are still closed, even as the footfalls stop right in front of the tub.

"I wondered how long it would take before you came to see me."

"I'm glad to know you were expecting this, then."

Will's eyes snap open, and instead of seeing Hannibal looming above him, it's a man he's never even met before. Will swallows, attempting to retain some decency as he curls in up on himself, thankful that the water shields him some from the prying eyes before him.

"Y-You're the Tooth Fairy."

"The Great Red Dragon, actually," the man smiles — the expression all teeth — and despite his efforts, Will can see the scar he's trying cover up with facial hair along his lip, "You know, I've read much about you, both from that blasted woman Freddie Lounds and your dear Hannibal Lecter. It's—" the man allows his eyes to slink up Will's form, almost as though they were intrusive fingers trying to feel him intimately, "— nice to meet you finally."

The omega is shaking slightly now, despite the bath water still being lukewarm, "What do you want from me?"

"What I was never able to have," he hisses, "A mate. A *family.*"

"I'm Hannibal Lecter's mate much to your and I's dismay," Will weakly says, remembering that despite any grudges he holds, there is an innocent life getting weaved together below fragile skin, "Even then, I'm carrying *his* child."

The tooth fairy shakes his head, this being only a minor setback, "You think I care about formalities like that at this point? If anything, that only motivates me *more.* After all, how else would I finish my transformation if I let my perfect victim get away?"

"Please don't do this," the profiler begs.

"Don't think I'm going to change my mind at this point… Now stand up. Put the robe on."

Will complies with the orders, despite knowing that as soon as he stands out of the water, the Tooth Fairy will take in every aspect of him before he irrevocably alters anything.

Will can't put the robe on fast enough.

The ominous click of a gun at the base of the omega's neck makes him stand rigid, especially as a hand snakes dangerously around his middle.

"You don't *deserve* this," the man grits out into Will's ear, making him shiver, "You don't even respect the Ripper anymore— you don't go to see him. You even lied to the papers about being pregnant. This baby hasn't even been born yet and already he's being treated like a mistake— a *freak*."

Will exhales shakily, "That's what they used to tell you, wasn't it?"

There's a pause.

"Whoever it was that raised you as a kid, they abused you, both verbally and physically. You felt— you felt like they didn't want you, that you were a burden they couldn't rid themselves of… Is that another reason you chose to be the Great Red Dragon? A title for someone *worth* something?"

Will jolts as he feels the cool barrel of the gun press against his nape, “Don’t fucking *psychoanalyze* me…”

“Hard not to when you make it so easy.”

“You know too much for your own good,” the man behind him grits out, and the world goes black as the gun cracks against his skull.

-xXx-

The mail has been piling up. The food in the fridge has either been taken as evidence or left to rot. The house sits in what feels like an nth level of purgatory made specifically for Will Graham to perpetually waste away and wallow in.

He’s surprised the FBI hasn’t seized the house yet, but they’re more than likely giving Will a window to grieve in. After all, his mate was just publically convicted on several counts of murder and cannibalism. He’s the center of the media currently, and there’s much speculation if Will was involved in Hannibal’s dark past times. They question if he has known the entire time and that he helped sweep it up under the rug to make sure Hannibal didn’t get caught. Others think he pinned Hannibal for his murders and planted the evidence so he could pull off the biggest conspiracy and swap of all time.

Either way, Will hasn’t left Hannibal’s house in a few weeks, nor has he showered in the past few days. Most of his conscious moments are spent lying on the couch in the foyer — the place that least smells like Hannibal and himself mixed in somewhere throughout — wondering how in the world he missed this. His own mate, able to trick him and his ability of pure empathy. Where did he allow that to happen along the line? Despite analyzing and mulling it over for hours, there’s no clear answer.

Did Hannibal plan this all along? Was making Will — the omega who promised he’d never submit to an alpha — fall for him the primary plot of his show? Was stringing Will along his favorite part, or was it the fact that Will was too blind with love for him to see the truth the cherry on top? What about the indirect cannibalism? Did the sight of Will unknowingly eating his victims bring on a visceral pleasure like no other?

Even then, with all of these dark questions he’s sure he’ll never get the rejoinder to, Hannibal plagues Will’s dreams as well. Like a vagrant ghost, Will sees Hannibal, even if the alpha isn’t supposed to be there. His face is constructed with the abstract shapes from his subconscious or the sunspots on his eyelids, and it makes Will fearful of closing his eyes to sleep, leaving him restless and paranoid as time drags on. The exhaustion and lack of self-care makes Will a former shadow of himself, and he’s not sure if doing anything to change

that is worth it. Hannibal has penetrated all aspects and forms of his life, and the hardest part is learning how to move on and go back to how it was before, if that's even possible at this point in time.

After all, it's not like he can change the past or who he's bonded for life with, no matter how much he wants to.

-xXx-

The air is heavy with the smell of a wood fire tinted with gasoline, and when Will opens his eyes, he sees what seems like a bonfire blazing a few feet away. The scene is so calm, undernoted by the gentle lull of waves off to the side — it's a pale contrast to why Will is here.

Despite the distance, his skin is heated by the flames, a reminder as to why he's lying on his side while the Tooth Fairy stokes the inferno. He must notice sometime afterwards that Will is finally conscious, and he grins as he adds another piece of driftwood onto the scorching hot pile.

"Are you familiar with William Blake's work?"

"Somewhat," Will murmurs, not even attempting to get up now — not while every movement seems like it's a second off — he suspects that he has a concussion or has been drugged, "I'm more so affiliated with his poems."

Before speaking, the Tooth Fairy adds on another piece of wood, "Most are. While he was an artist, both with words and with canvas, his true talent lied with using his brushes… I've seen his work in person, have been face to face with it… Looking at it was like staring at a mirror…"

Will says nothing, his right hand weakly gathering what feels like a loose palm full of sand.

"There's a piece in the Dragon series, one I think that captures and portrays the most power," the Tooth Fairy grins, "*The Great Red Dragon and the Omega Clothed in Sun.* It depicts the Dragon standing over this omega woman made of light, his wings spread forth for all to know that not even the sun itself can stop him…"

"You— you plan on recreating the scene…"

The Tooth Fairy shrugs while he evaluates the flames before he speaks, the iridescent colors of the conflagrations illuminating his irises, "To the best of my ability, yes… You see, William Blake created the Red Dragon because he was outcast for being a beta. Back then, it

meant that you had no power— no title or name— no rights to a mate. It didn't bother him until the omega girl he was in love with mated an alpha with a high status, leaving him heartbroken. The Dragon was his internal persona, a beast of magnificence and title. It portrayed him as taking something he wanted, of getting to conquer what had been held against him his whole life…"

"Like you," Will whispers, "You're a sterile beta."

The Tooth Fairy is not angry at the truth being said aloud, if anything, he seems ashamed, "Yes… It's rather unfortunate. Betas these days have less of a fight to go through. Matings aren't as strict anymore… But it doesn't matter for me, no matter what I do… I am— . . . unable to have a family."

"I'm sorry…"

"I don't need your pity," he hisses, and for a second, Will can see himself in that bitterness before it's schooled away, under a person suit like somebody Will thought he once knew inside and out, "I need your sacrifice, your death, to complete my transformation. I, like the Dragon, need to conquer what has been taken from me my whole life."

The fire crackles off to the side ominously, "If you kill me, Lecter will skin you alive."

"You think I'm terrified of your alpha? I *idolized* him," the Tooth Fairy laughs as he saunters over to Will, the sound ringing in the air as embers dance to its chanting echoes, "If anything, your alpha should be scared of me—"

Will takes his chance, throwing his palm of sand into the Tooth Fairy's eyes. He yells, his hands instantly going to his face to wipe away the offending grains as Will scrambles to get away, his hands and feet sinking in the silt as it gives way underneath him.

"Y-You think it's that *easy!* the Fairy hisses while staggering forwards, deciding to finish this blind, "No one defeats the Red Dragon! Especially fucking *omegas!"*

Will yelps as he feels the Fairy's hand catch his ankle, making him thrash around for all he's worth. Despite the few seconds of solid clarity that adrenaline has afforded him, the sluggishness is coming back now with a vengeance.

"Stop fighting!" the Fairy growls as his nails dig into Will's ankle, causing a pained gasp to escape the profiler.

Will feels his panic heighten, his heart racing on as the Fairy begins to drag him towards the flames. He hasn't been this terrified since he confronted Hobbs in his house, the man's hand slick with blood and holding a knife at Abigail's throat. He remembers trying to hold her flesh together, feeling the hot, slick blood seeping through his fingers as she bled out from underneath him. It's the panic — the knowledge that death is lurking nearby — that sends Will over the edge.

"H-Han— Hanniba—"

The Fairy kicks Will in the side, quieting him before he continues the trek back, “Calling out for your alpha won’t do you any good now.”

Will whines lowly, his fingers rubbed raw from where he’s been trying to find purchase in the shifty sands below. Despite the numbness in his limbs from whatever the Tooth Fairy did beforehand, Will can feel the intense heat of the fire from behind him as it starts to creep up his exposed flesh.

He doesn’t want to know what it’s like when it’s actually burning his skin. However, as the world around Will blurs, he decides that if he’s going down, the Tooth Fairy is coming with him.

As the Fairy drags him into the fire, Will grabs onto his arm and pulls him down to burn.

All Will can hear is the screams from the other man surrounding him, the flames licking up around him as they devour the Tooth Fairy. Yet, Will isn’t screaming as the flames engulf him. If anything, they feel— like a *caress*… Will looks over to see the Fairy, his skin blackening and charring as he’s burned, only to gaze back at his hand. He lifts it, the tendrils of fire wrapping around it but leaving the flesh below untouched while his robe burns away into nothingness.

The screams heard are now Will’s.

Somehow the omega removes himself from the flames, kicking himself outwards in the opposite direction until he’s on the seemingly safe expanse of sand outside of the fire. He’s breathing heavily, wondering if he’s gone truly insane or if he’s actually dead.

“Hello, dear Will.”

At first, Will think he’s hallucinating. He begins to see Hannibal’s face, his features contorted slightly by the branches of flame rising into the air.

“H-Hannibal?”

The profiler watches as the alpha crosses through the fire, the blaze reacting the same way to him as it did to Will, the clothes around the man’s form burning away into ash as he passes through easily. It leaves the omega’s mouth dry, his limbs locked into place as he lies on the cool sand.

“Are you hurt?” the alpha comes over to Will, his brow pinched in concern as he kneels beside him, uncaring for his nudity, “Despite your smell of exhaustion, I don’t see any wounds…”

“This is— how— . . . Am I going crazy?”

Hannibal shakes his head, his hands cupping Will’s face as he pets him, “Oh no, dear William, you are completely sane.”

Will shakes off Hannibal’s hands, “But I shouldn’t have survived, we should’ve— the fire—“

“There is much I need to tell you,” he whispers, but his eyes are focusing on Will’s middle, “Much, considering…”

The omega wants to shiver under that gaze, “I— I wanted to tell you… But—“

“Dr. Chilton, I know. You informed me of his blackmail in your mind palace.”

“You mean you were *actually* there?”

“Yes,” Hannibal murmurs, putting his arms underneath Will to carry him, despite the omega’s weak protest, “I’ve always been wherever you needed me.”

Will hums, allowing himself to sink into Hannibal’s arms. If the man — though Will doubts that label now — can walk through fire, Will doesn’t want to test him much further. Besides, the ache in his head subsides some, and the uneasiness in his stomach settles. Whatever Hannibal may be now, even including himself, Will can’t deny that the alpha still has his effects on him.

“Tell me,” Hannibal says with some humor, leaving the flames to burn the Fairy’s corpse behind them, “when was the last time you ate *properly,* dear Will?”

-xXx-

“What are you, exactly?”

Hannibal treks through the woods effortlessly, his footfalls never once making a branch snap or leaf crunch, “It’s *who* I am that you should be asking. While this name I have now is known to be that of a cannibalistic serial killer, I can assure you that I have many more around the world.”

That makes Will purse his lips, “So you’re what, nationally notorious?”

“In some ways,” Hannibal comments, “You’re taking this surprisingly well.”

“I’m used to my life being a mad freak show,” the omega admits, “Now, I’m still mad and freaked out, but I want answers more than anything.”

Hannibal chuckles, “You were always morbidly curious.”

“Probably why I ended up in this mess,” at that, Will snorts, “Care to give me anymore hints?”

“I come from many pieces of literature, specifically ones that date back thousands of years. To give you a hint, I was considered to be the snake in the garden…”

“You—“ Will takes a second to process, “You’re *biblical?”*

Hannibal ducks under a lower tree branch, “Partially, but it is what I’m most known for.”

Will’s eyes widen, and Hannibal looks down at him, his irises a darker red than Will ever remembered them being, “You’re the Devil…”

“It is my most common title.”

The omega stiffens, “I mated the fucking Dev—“ he wheezes in panic before he’s able to finish.

Hannibal stops then, and he sets Will down on the ground to lean against the tree. The bark scratches at Will’s back, bringing him back down slightly while Hannibal places his hands on the omega’s shoulders.

“What is your name—“

“*Fuck you,* I’m not doing a g-grounding exercise,” Will hisses, and he begins to try and scurry away until Hannibal’s hands pin him in without effort.

Hannibal sighs, “Will, it’s too late to fight it. Please, stop stressing yourself, it’s bad for—“

“I don’t—“

"Will."

Hannibal’s voice resonates through the woods, its baritone deeper than Will has ever heard it. The birds that are awake fly away, and Will can hear the other animals scurry in the opposite direction from them.

It’s a clear warning.

At that realization, Will hangs his head, unable to look Hannibal in the eye. He can feel the alpha’s gaze on him, though, and he squirms as Hannibal’s hands squeeze his arms lightly.

“Will, I need you to stop exerting yourself. You’re weak right now, *vulnerable.* All the energy you had reserved was spent protecting you from the fire, and I need you to calm down before you exhaust yourself even further.”

Will shakes his head haggardly.

Hannibal pointedly growls, making a whine quietly escape the omega, “Will, there is no debate on this. I will calm you myself if I have to, but I can assure you, you won’t like it. Now, if you please, I’d like to continue and get you what you need before your condition worsens.”

“I’m f-fine…”

“No, you’re not,” Hannibal presses a gentle hand against Will’s forehead, grimacing, “It’s been some time since I got to feed you properly, and I’m sure that the pregnancy has been taking its toll. If we hurry, we’ll be able to get you some proper sustenance before the baby is inadvertently affected. You’re not going to give me anymore issues, are you?”

Will only grunts his confirmation.

In moments, Will is in Hannibal’s arms again, and they’re moving much faster than they were before. The alpha’s face is stony when Will looks at it, and he has the strangest urge to touch the alpha’s face — to see if it feels any different now that he knows the person behind it is wholly different.

“Which would you prefer, lung or kidney?”

Will hums, and without thinking he blurts, “Heart.”

Hannibal glances down at Will, smirking, “I’m guessing the cravings have begun.”

Will furrows his brow, but the alpha turns back to the world ahead before Will can pester him with more questions. It’ll have to wait till later, Will supposes, and he resolves himself to leaning his head on the alpha’s shoulder for the rest of the run.

Before too long, they arrive at a shitty looking motel — one that probably has bed begs or something that makes Will feel sick to his stomach — and he wonders why Hannibal chose this location in particular.

There’s several lights on in the rooms, illuminating little windows into the interactions going on despite the blinds and cheap curtains blocking most of the view. Already Will is seeing one coupling, and there’s another who’s currently shooting up with his dealer, but there’s something else… something— *nicer.*

“I’m sure you can smell it already,” Hannibal says, his words somewhat prideful, “Your abilities are beginning to come in by proxy from the baby, but with a little work, you can hone them before they’re gone.”

“So I’m not becoming a demon or something? I’m still human?”

Hannibal smiles as he turns to look at Will, his sharp cheekbones starkly contoured by the orange streetlights, “There is no possible way to turn you into something like I am. While I can bend the principles of existence for you to an extent, I cannot change the fundamentals of what you are by nature. The only reason you managed to survive the flames earlier was because of the influence our gestating child. Wholly, you are human, but our child is not.”

“What are they, then?”

Hannibal smiles, “A hybrid of sorts. It’s not as powerful as I am, but it’s not powerless like a human, either.”

“Is that why we’re hunting?” Will whispers, looking out to the parked cars and licking his lips as the sweet scent grows stronger, “The baby it— it needs this?”

“Yes. Like me, the baby needs to feast on the flesh of sinners to survive. Of course, since they’re a mixture of you and I, they can go longer without needing to feed, but it must happen eventually.”

It all starts to come together now, “Is that one reason I was feeling so sick? Why I felt like I needed you in some way?”

“Your body knew before you did,” Hannibal purrs, his eyes alight with a fondness Will hasn’t gotten to see in months, “Now, if we may, I think it’s time we pay our dear friend Freddie Lounds a visit.”

“Is that who I smell?”

The alpha chuckles darkly, “Oh yes. She’s ripe, isn’t she? She’s done nothing but grow sweeter since I’ve seen her last. It must be from all of those articles and photos she leaked of you,” he tsks then, “Oh, Ms. Lounds, how *naughty* you have been…”

Will follows Hannibal’s lead as they sneak across the parking lot, and as they get closer, Will’s mouth begins to fill with saliva at the tantalizing taste of Lounds’ scent. His stomach growls lowly, and Hannibal titters when he hears it.

“Patience, dear William. While I know you and the baby are quite famished, there must be some execution with this one. After all, we’d *love* to pay Freddie back for all that she’s done for us, don’t we?”

Will nods, too fixated on Freddie’s scent and his hunger to care about much else.

Hannibal grins then, looking lustfully at his mate before he goes right up to door fourteen and knocks.

“Who in the hell is—“ Freddie pulls back the door, her face contorted in anger until she notices who is standing in front of her, “Oh my—“

“Hello, Ms. Lounds,” Hannibal is as mannered as he ever is, which is ironic now considering, “I’m afraid that we have some loose ends we need to tie up.”

Freddie looks paler than the questionably stained sheets on her bed, especially when she notices Will practically drooling behind Lecter. He more than likely appears as ravenous as he feels. She’s frozen in the doorway.

“Ms. Lounds, please.”

She takes a shaky step back, allowing the two bare men admission into the motel room.

When Will enters, he’s utterly lost in the scent of Lounds. It’s like he can taste every little thing she’s ever done — the lying, the betrayal, the intrusiveness — and instantly he’s

addicted. A low growl begins to bubble up in his chest, but Hannibal calms him with single hand on his shoulder.

“I’m sure you are well acquainted with my mate, Will Graham. After all, you do write many personal pieces about him,” already Lounds is looking like she’s fearful of her life, “What? Have nothing to say to either of us, or did you lose your tongue now that someone has had enough of you writing about their private lives?”

“I’m only trying to make a living,” she says weakly, her voice the shakiest Will has ever heard it, “I don’t even like my job.”

Hannibal tsks, shaking a finger in front of her, “Don’t lie to me, Ms. Lounds. I know when you are.”

Will is confused as to why when he smells it. Not only is the air permeating with her pure scent of fear, but her sweetness has only amplified since Will has entered the room. He understands it now — Lounds loved writing every letter about Will and the others, and her soul is darkened for it.

“*I’m not lying!”*

At her outburst, Hannibal tilts his head slowly, moving his hand back to motion Will forward. The omega follows, coming right up beside his mate as Lounds’ wide gaze darts between them.

“**Sick her.**"

It must be like a twisted since of irony that Will seems like Hannibal’s attack dog in Freddie’s last moments of consciousness, but Will can deal with it now that her throat is currently placed between his teeth. She makes the most beautiful noises as Will’s tongue begins to lap up her blood, and Hannibal hums from behind him.

“Such a good boy, isn’t he?”

Freddie’s hand uselessly comes up, her nails weakly scratching at nothing until her hand falls limp like the rest of her.

“Will.”

Will keeps on sucking, the feat getting harder and harder to do now that—

"**Drop her.**"

Will instantly complies, breathing in roughly. All he can taste is the hot, salty rust on his tongue, making him stumble back as he mostly comes to his senses.

“W-What—“

“If you drink all of her blood, her organs will be ruined,” Hannibal chides softly, and without blinking he shoves his hand into her torso without effort, the ribs breaking away as though

they were rotten twigs instead of bone.

A small part of Will is horrified by what he sees, but his hunger, while partially dampened, is still overly apparent.

“As you requested, dear Will.”

Hannibal’s skin is covered in Freddie’s cooling blood up to his forearm, his fingers coated in it as he holds onto her heart. Will licks his lips and comes forward, taking the fresh organ out of Hannibal’s hands. He stares at it for a moment — remembering a few months ago how he couldn’t even stomach the fact that Hannibal had fed him human flesh — before he brings it up to his lips.

Hannibal looks on curiously, waiting for Will’s first bite.

A moan escapes the omega at the taste, his eyes closing as he begins to greedily devour the raw organ in his hands. Some of Lounds’ blood is still in it, making it that much sweeter to Will as he consumes every piece. Once he finishes, Will breathes roughly, feeling better in a way that he hasn’t for months.

Hannibal is smirking at him as he stands, only to extend his arm out above Freddie’s form.

“Bon appetite.”

Will goes to town then, rushing over to eat as much as he can while Hannibal giggles behind him. It’s a blur of blood and flesh, leaving Will hiccuping at points before he’s nosing about Freddie’s empty thoracic cavity.

“I suppose you’re still hungry,” Hannibal chuckles.

Will manages a weak nod.

The alpha hums, giving Will a good once-over before he goes over to where Freddie’s laptop is whirring quietly on the bed. Will watches as Hannibal messes around with it, humming as he sees something worthy of mentioning.

“It seems like Ms. Lounds spoke to our dear friend, Dr. Fredrick Chilton. Apparently he released his recordings of your visitations to her,” he smiles, proceeding to look up at Will with the fondest expression he’s ever seen on the alpha’s face, “Ready to go hunting again, dear William?”

The omega purrs and eagerly licks the remaining blood off his lips in confirmation.

-xXx-

“It’s going to take me a while to forgive you,” Will sighs, licking his fingers before he reluctantly allows Hannibal to rub at them with a washcloth, “A lot of that wasn’t even necessary.”

“I am one for theatrics,” Hannibal chuckles, taking the now pink cloth to Will’s back — Will groans and stretches out for him, “Besides, there had to be a sense of realism for a while, especially since you were going to find out something one day.”

Will snorts, “I’m guessing you left the hair on purpose, though? Honestly, that seems a little too risky, considering.”

“Yes, but if I wanted to, I can completely change my physical persona to humans if the need arose.”

That makes Will look at him with a slight frown, “You aren’t going to now, are you? Change legitimate person suits, I mean…”

Hannibal presses his lips together, looking at Will from where he’s casually perched on the side of the tub, “If that’s something you’d prefer I refrain from, than no.”

“It would make running harder…”

“Will, I have survived for thousands of years in this world,” Hannibal leans down, cupping Will’s face despite the dried blood still on his skin, “What makes you think that I will let something so insignificant stop *us?”*

And with that, all of Will’s worries wash away like the crimson flowing down the drain.

-xXx-

YEARS LATER…

“Mischa, you need to stop hunting like this. You’ll get yourself caught.”

Mischa laughs, tossing the man’s finger to Winston, his age not stopping him from catching it, “Daddy, he tried to assault me so I returned the favor. I only hunt like you taught me to.”

“Still, I don’t want you to get run off like your father and I did once,” Will murmurs, coming up to his teenage daughter and picking a leaf out of her currently red hair, “It took us a long time till we got comfortable again, and even then, we still have to be careful. Besides, you have plenty of recognizable features, someone could—”

“Use them against me, I know,” Mischa sighs, and she allows it to go back to brunette, “I only let them see what I want them to see.”

“And you take advantage of that,” Will grins humorously, “Unlike you and your father, I’m stuck with this ugly mug.”

“I wouldn’t consider it ugly, rather beautifully frozen in time by forces unknown to most.”

Will laughs as he sees Hannibal come forward from their back door, “How was the grocery run?”

“Uneventful, but thank you for asking,” Hannibal holds out his arms, smiling widely as Mischa runs straight into them, “How is my little one doing?”

“Dad, I’m nearly eighteen, I’m not *little,*” she grunts, her hair turning crimson with embarrassment.

Hannibal kisses her forehead before he lets her out of his grip, “Of course not. ”

Mischa smiles at her father, her locks turning a bright yellow before she runs off with Winston, allowing the older dog to catch up to her.

At the sight, Will laughs softly and goes over to Hannibal, “Little did I know that your powers would allow her hair to be a close second to a mood ring.”

“It cannot be helped,” Hannibal shrugs, and he looks down to beam at Will, his voice soft, “How are you and the baby feeling?”

“The leftovers in the fridge held me over just fine, and they held no complaints,” the omega laughs as his stomach growls, “but I’m pretty sure I’ll need something new soon to snack on.”

The alpha turns then, heading into the kitchen with a mischievous grin stretching his lips, “Then I’ll have to be sure to go ahead and get things prepared for our newest little one. I picked him up on my way back, but how does that rude delivery boy from yesterday sound?”

“Delicious,” Will smirks, and he follows his mate into their house to help prepare dinner.

End Notes

Buster disappeared. He didn't die. He just ran off somewhere and lives on happily. As for Winston, I felt like Will would be against making his dogs immortal. It doesn't seem like Will to do that to them, honestly. Besides, Will loves any and all dogs, so I'm sure that Hannibal will make a trip to the pet store eventually. ("It's not the same, but I'll take it..." *grabs beagle puppy and proceeds to name it Lou or Argos*)

Also, I decided that Mischa was more so of Hannibal's first child or something like that, but she died for whatever reason. IDK, I wasn't able to slip that factoid in, really. I'm guessing whenever Hannibal talked about Mischa season one Will learned of the sentiment towards the name and proceeded with it somewhat accordingly. As for the second baby? . . . Don't worry about it just yet. They got another eight or seven months till then.

This was written to:

*Reciprocity | Hannibal & Will (Greatest fanvid ever that made me ship these two murderous idiots)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8u0IYzxJZdw

1. Elastic Heart - Sia (Nightcore + Male Version)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MKBKowtEN_w

2. The Devil Within - Digital Daggers (best male version I could find)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sWaHmhOA73w

3. X-Files Theme Song (AKA: The Illuminati Theme Song; it's also funny bc Gillian Anderson as Skully)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GRWbIoIR04c

4. Come as You Are - Nirvana
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YqN0ZOEO9oI

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(It is open to anon prompts. Please read my rules before prompting me over Tumblr or AO3. Thank you.)
http://sunshinexlollipops.tumblr.com/promptask

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!